THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

'Remove sorrow far from thee: for sorrow hath killed many, and there is no profit therein.'

DRY up your eyes then, ye mourners; for grief will not restore the friends you have lost, nor abate the edge of misfortune, but as oil and the whetstone to the razor, it will sharpen that, which is already too acute, and the bleeding heart will shew a still deeper wound. Why will you strive to add one drop to this 'vale of tears,' which, trust me, is already too full; why court the acquaintance of Grief, that sorry companion, who sobbing and silent, as he journies with you through the wilderness of this world, multiplies every brake, and adds tenfold horror to the gloom. You have various and real evils to encounter in your sore travail; the climate is vaporous, and you must be sick; men are treacherous, and you will be deceived, Poverty will sometimes start up 'like an armed man' before you, and your careful days be those of an hireling. But be of good cheer; and repeat not, with erring Solomon, in the day of adversity, that laughter is mad, nor impertinently inquire of Mirth what doeth she, but believe with my predecessor, Sterne, that comfortable assertion is worth a million of cold homilies, that every line we smile, and still more, every time we laugh, it adds something to the fragment of life. *No profit therein!* No verily; the man of sorrow, who, with sullen Ahab, refuses to eat bread, and changes his time for tears, is engaged in one of the most barren and least lucrative employments you can conceive. Sighs I have always considered as the very canker of the heart, and sobs the grand epitomizers of existence. Child of melancholy! if sorrow hath killed many, and there is no profit therein, banish it from thy shades; for why, in the pathetic language of Ecclesiastes, shouldst thou die before thy time?

But who are those fair forms, the one with folded arms, and the other with bounding step, ministering like duteous handmaids, at the bedside of the Philosopher. I see his pallid cheek already flush; I hear his voice utter a bolder tone; wrinkles are no more seen on his brow, and not a solitary tear traces its lonely way down his cheek; for PATIENCE and MIRTH are before him. At their salutary approach, the troop of cares, the family of pain fly disconsolate, and free the vacant heart from their torturing sway. Gentle and benignant spirits, meek Patience, and chirping Mirth! whether my cottage be unroofed by the storm, or my couch thorned by disease, whether friends grow lukewarm, or lovers be put far away, let your forms appear, and the load of life will no more be irksome! for well I know your pleasing arts, and well I remember your numerous topics of consolation; your music, your song, your carelessness, Mirth and Patience,

your philosophy and resignation. Sorrow, as the wise son of Sirach tells us, may kill many, but ye can make alive. Come then to the unfortunate, and let the *adverse* hour be your favourite hour of visitation.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF BLACKLOCK.

[It is finely remarked, by my lord Bacon, that history ofttimes representeth the magnitude of actions, and the *public faces* and deportments of persons, and passeth over in silence the smaller passages and motions of men and matters. But *lives*, if they be well written, propounding to themselves a person to represent, in whom actions, both greater and smaller, public and private, have a commixture, must of necessity contain a more true, native, and lively representation. Of this truth, so forcibly and so elegantly expressed by one of the wisest of mankind, we are always so convinced, that we assign many hours to Biography, particularly of the learned, and assign many pages of the Port Folio to a department of elegant literature, which the public voice has declared is not less agreeable to the humour of our readers, than to our own. We now resume the interesting Life of Blacklock; and when we reflect upon the genius and industry of the blind bard, and the merits of the style of Mr. Mackenzie, we are at loss which most to admire, the subject, or the biographer.]

Poetry, however, though it attains its highest perfection in a cultivated soil, grows perhaps as luxuriantly in a wild one. To poetry he was devoted from his earliest days, and about this time several of his poetical productions began to be handed about, which considerably enlarged the circle of his friends and acquaintance.

Some of his compositions being shown to Dr. Stevenson, an eminent phycisian in Edinburgh, who was accidentally at Dumfries, on a professional visit, he formed the benevolent design of carrying him to the metropolis, and giving to his natural endowments the assistance of a classical education.

He came to Edinburgh in 1741, and "was enrolled," says Mr. Mackenzie, "a student of divinity in the university there, though at that time without any particular view of entering into the church." But this account may be reasonably doubted; for, in the university of Edinburgh, no student is admitted into the theological class till he has completed a course of languages and philosophy. Besides, it appears by the following letter from the Rev. Richard Batty, of Kirk Andrews, whose wife was Blacklock's cousin, to Sir James Johnston, Bart. of Westerhall, dated January 21, 1744-5, printed in the "Scottish Register" 1794, that he continued at the grammar school in Edinburgh, till the begining of 1745.

"I had a letter sometime ago from Mr. Hoggan at Comlongan, signifying that Lady Annandale had spoke to you about a bursary for one Thomas Blacklock, a blind boy, who is now at the grammar school in Edinburgh. He is endued with the most surprising genius, and has been the author of a great many excellent poems. He has been hitherto supported by the bounty of Dr. Stevenson, a gentleman in Edinburgh. I understand that there will be a bursary vacant against Candlemas; If, therefore, you will please to favour him with your interest, it will be a great charity done to a poor lad, who may do a great deal of good in his generation."

The effect of this application is not known; but he seems to have continued his studies under the patronage of Dr. Stevenson till the year 1745. Of the kindness of Dr. Stevenson he always spoke with the greatest warmth of gratitude and affection, and addressed to him his *Imitation of the first Ode of Horace*.

After he had followed his studies at Edinburgh, for four years, on the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1745, he returned to Dumfries, were he resided with Mr. M'Murdo, his brother-in law, in whose house he was treated with kindness and affection, and had an oportunity, from the society which it afforded, of considerably increasing the store of his ideas.

In 1746, he published a small collection of his *Poems*, in octavo, at Glasgow.

After the close of the Rebellion, and complete restoration of the peace of the

country, he returned to Edinburgh, and pursued his studies there for six years longer.

In 1754 he published at Edinburgh a second edition of his *Poems*, very much improved and enlarged, in octavo, to which was prefixed, " An Account of his Life," in a " letter to the publisher," from Mr. Gordon of Dumfries. On the title page he is designed *Student of Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh;* so that he was not then, as Mr. Mackenzie supposes, " enrolled a student of divinity."

This publication attracted the attention of Mr. Spence, the patron of Dodsley, Duck, and Richardson, and other persons of indigent and uncultivated genius, who conceived a great regard for Blacklock, and formed the benevolent design of recommending him to the patronage of persons in affluence or power," by writing a very elaborate " and ingenious " Account of his Life, " Character and Poems," which he published at London, in 8vo, 1754.

During his last residence in Edinburgh, among other literary acquaintance, he obtained that of the celebrated David Hume, who, with that humanity and benevolence for which he was distinguished, attached himself warmly to Blacklock's interests. He wrote a " letter to Dodsley," March 12, 1754, containing a very favourable representation of the " goodness of his disposition, and the beauty of his genius," which contributed to promote the subscription for an edition of his *Poems* in 4to, which was published at London in 1756, under the superintendence of Mr. Spence, with his Account of the Life, Character and Poems of Mr. Blacklock," which had been printed separately in 1754. He testified his obligations to Mr. Spence, to whom he was personally unknown, in *an Epistle, written at Dumfries*, 1759.

In the course of his education at Edinburgh, he acquired a proficiency in the learned languages, and became more a master of the French tongue than was common there, from the social intercourse to which he had the good fortune to be admitted in the house of Provost Alexander, who had married a native of France.

At the university, he obtained a knowledge of the various branches of philosophy and theology, to which his course of study naturally led, and acquired at the same time a considerable fund of learning and information in those departments of Science and *Belles Lettres*, from which his want of sight did not absolutely preclude him.

In 1756, he published at Edinburgh, *An Essay towards Universal Etymology*, or the Analysis of a Sentence, 8vo. In this pamphlet, the general principles of grammar, and the definitions of the several parts of speech are given in verse; and illustrations, in the form of notes, constituting the greatest part of it, are added in prose. The notes and illustrations are concise, but judicious; the verses are not remarkable for learning or poetical embellishment, the subject did not allow it; the concluding lines, however, on the *Advantages of Grammar*, are in a style more worthy of Blacklock.

In 1757, he began a course of study, with a view to give lectures on Oratory, to young gentlemen intended for the bar or the pulpit. On this occasion he wrote to Mr. Hume, informed him of his plan, and requested his assistance in the prosecution of it. But Mr. Hume doubting the probability of its success, he abandoned the project, and then adopted the decided intention of going into the church.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Port Folio.

ROYAL ACCEPTATION OF THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION OF 1791.

[In the following article we have a striking, and apparently faithful, picture of that pliancy, equally injurious to himself and to his people, with which Louis XVI consented to, and even acted a part in, his own destruction.]

THE constitutional act had been presented on the third of September 1791, for the acceptance of the king. The conduct he was to adopt on this occasion, was undoubtedly an important

subject of deliberation. All the ministers, M. de Montmorin excepted, insisted on the absolute necessity of an unqualified and entire acceptance. This was also the advice of the prince de Kaunitz, in his confidential correspondence with M. de Montmorin. This opinion, and its motives, made a great impression on the king. M M. de Malesherbes, Legouvé, senior, and Malouet were likewise consulted. Malouet was of opinion that the king ought to explain himself frankly, and most fully, on the vices and dangers of this constitution; that he should declare his acceptance to be provisional, till the wish of the nation could be ascertained by new mandates to its deputies, or by a new convocation. The king appeared to relish this advice; but, in a council held at the house of the keeper of the seals, Dupont and Barnave (alarmed at the violent attacks that were daily made upon them in the Jacobin club, and even in the assembly, where Robespierre had, by name, impeached them, as *traitors to the country*) represented the probability of such disastrous consequences from the provisional acceptance, and the ministers were so completely terrified, that they prevailed on the king to give an unqualified and entire acceptance.

On the 13th of September, the keeper of the seals appeared in the national assembly, and presented a letter in which the king announced his acceptance of the constitution. The letter concluded thus: 'I think, gentlemen, that it is in 'the place itself where the constitution 'has been framed, that I ought to pro- 'nounce my solemn acceptance: I shall 'come, therefore, to-morrow, at noon, 'to the national assembly.'

Loud plaudits burst out repeatedly, during the reading of this letter; and they were redoubled at the sentence, in which the king declared that he renounced the right of participation which he had claimed in the framing of the constitution. This sentence was read a second time.

M. de la Fayette proposed the setting at liberty of all persons confined on account of the departure of the king; the declaration of immediate abolition of all processes connected with the events of the revolution, the annihilation of all passports and all other temporary restraints on ingress and egress, as well in the interior as on the frontier. The assembly adopted by acclamation the proposition of M. de la Fayette, and named a deputation of sixty members, to present this decree to the king immediately, and at the same time express the satisfaction with which it had heard his majesty's letter read. The keeper of the seals left the hall in the midst of plaudits, and hastened to inform the king of the deputation which was to wait upon him.

The deputation, being introduced to the king, addressed him in the following words: 'Sire, the national assembly 'has heard read the letter addressed to 'it by your majesty, and the reading was 'interrupted by repeated plaudits, alone 'capable of expressing the sentiments 'with which the French people have 'been long animated toward their kings. 'The assembly, participating with your 'majesty the desire of removing all 'restraints, and putting an end to all 'dissensions, and being anxious to dis- 'tinguish this great epoch by every 'thing that can render it solemn, has 'eagerly pronounced a decree which 'obliterates all traces of a revolution 'now brought to an end: it has directed 'us to present this decree to your ma- 'jesty.'

The king replied: 'It will always be 'a pleasure to me to follow the will of 'the nation, whenever it is made known 'to me. I feel with sensibility the eager- 'ness of the national assembly to yield 'to a desire I had manifested to perform 'an act of benevolence. This day will 'be memorable in history; I hope it 'will put an end to discord, that it will 'unite all parties, and that for the future 'we shall be but one. I am informed,' added the king, 'that the assembly has 'this morning passed a decree relative 'to the blue ribband with which it has 'honored me, and my son, exclusively. 'As this decoration has no other value 'in my eyes than that of the power of 'communicating it, I have resolved on

'laying it aside. I beg of you to inform 'the assembly of my resolution."

The queen and her children being at the door of the council-chamber, in which the deputation was received, the king said:

'Here are my wife and my children, 'who partake in my sentiments.' The queen approached the deputies, and confirmed the assurance which the king had given.

These details were reported the next day, to the assembly, by the orator of the deputation, amidst great applause. The president afterwards submitted the question, whether the members ought not to continue on their seats while the king took the oath: a great number cried out, 'Doubtlessly; and the king 'standing, and uncovered;' and this proposal was adopted, in spite of the opposition of the members on the right side of the hall. When silence was in some degree restored, M. Malouet observed that there was no example in which the nation, assembled in the presence of the king, had not acknowledged him for its head; and that it was to degrade the nation, as well as the monarch, not to treat him with the respect due. He insisted, therefore, that the king being to take the oath standing, the assembly should hear it in the same posture. This observation was favourably received by several of the members on the left, and a decree would have been posted conformably, had not a deputy from Brittany, with a piercing voice, exclaimed, that he had an amendment to propose, in which every one would agree:

'Let us decree,' said he, 'that M. 'Malouet, and whoever likes to follow 'his example, shall be allowed to re-'ceive the king on their knees; but 'let us adhere to the first decree.'

At noon the king arrived, accompanied by all his ministers, and without any other decoration than that of the cross of St. Lewis. Two chairs, on the same level, alike covered with a cloth of velvet, spotted with golden fleurs-de-lis, had been placed before the desk of the president. The king, ascending to them, placed himself on the left of the president, and spoke the following words:

'Gentlemen, I come solemnly to 'accomplish here, the acceptance 'which I have given to the constitu-'tional act. In consequence, I swear 'to be faithful to the nation and the 'law, to employ all the power that is 'delegated to me for the maintenance 'of the constitution decreed by the na-'tional assembly, and to put into exe-'cution the laws.'—Here, the king, perceiving that he alone was standing, sat down also.—'May this great and me-'morable epoch be that of the re-es-'tablishment of peace and union, and 'become the pledge of the happiness 'of the people, and the prosperity of 'the empire!'

The hall rung for several minutes with cries, and the plaudits of *vive le roi!* In the midst of these demonstrations of enthusiasm, the minister of justice presented the constitutional act to the king, for his signature, and, as well as all the other ministers, signed it, after his majesty.

The assembly, which had stood during the signature of the constitutional act, sat down to hear the reply of the president, who pronounced the first sentence standing, but who seated himself when he saw that the king did not rise to listen to him. His speech finished thus: 'How grand, sire, in your eyes, 'how dear to our hearts, and how sub-'lime will it appear in our history, the 'epoch of this regeneration, which gives 'citizens to France, a country to the 'French, and to you, as king, a new 'title of greatness and glory; to you, 'moreover, as a man, a new source of 'enjoyment, and new sensations of hap-'piness!'

Nothing more was heard in the hall, while the king remained, but cries of *vive le roi*, and *bravo!* The assembly in a body returned with him to his palace, amidst the shouts of the people, accompanied by military music, and several discharges of artillery. During all the rest of the day, the *château* and garden of the Tuilleries were filled with prodigious multitudes of all classes; and in the evening, all the streets of

the capital were illuminated, in token of joy, as they had been the evening before.

In reading the above, one of the objects that ought to strike us is the reference, twice made, to the future voice of history. This is among the characteristic littlenesses of the age. How contemptible is it for a public man to have ever in his mind the figure he is to make in history! How much egotism is betrayed when we see a statesman unable to conceal that, in all his undertakings, he is secretly picturing to himself what a pretty book they will make! and what a miserable speculation! as if history were a judge, to whom he might securely trust his character!—How can such a man be supposed to act upon the only principle worthy of man, that of doing right, let the opinion of the world, present and to come, be what it will? It may be safely asked, what has a statesman to do with *future* history? His concern is with the day before him, to do the best in it he can. Let him perform his duty, and with a calm conscience abandon his character and his actions to the ignorance and the caprice of historians. *Past* history he may indeed study with advantage. He, of all men, will be in no danger of confiding too much in its truth! Let him love history as his school, but never acknowledge it as his tribunal, nor trust in it for his monument, nor hope in it for his reward:

Carpe diem,
Nec nimium crede in postero.

It is not that history will certainly be unjust to him, but it is impossible he should foresee whether it will be just or unjust. Of all the absurdities in which the human understanding indulges, one of the wildest is that of believing posterity will be well informed of and do justice to the times in which, and the persons with whom, we live! The opinions of posterity will doubtlessly, on many subjects, be very *different* from ours; but it is by no means certain that they will be better founded, or more rational. History will always be coloured, if not drawn, to suit the age and people for whom it is written. It will depend upon events yet to happen, what posterity will be taught to think of those that have passed, or are now passing, before our eyes. Truth is the sport of writers; and mankind, always greedy of it, is therefore always their dupe.

But it is not only in public men, but in the multitude alike, that this cant of *history* vitiates the taste, and therefore falsifies the judgment. It is one of the follies, one of the miseries, into which the misuse of letters has plunged us. Men give all their affections to deeds that are calculated to glitter, not to those unrewarded cares, I mean unrewarded of the world, which are the real glory of a statesman. Pedants, transformed into, or rather aping, politicians, are for ever governed by their books, when they should be governed by their hearts, or by their heads. They read when they should act. They look back when they should look forward, or around them. They copy when they should be original. It is not the spirit of the ancients that they imbibe, but their gestures that they imitate. From history, they extract, as practical and universal lessons, precisely those particulars which are local and temporary. They are for ever studying costume, and stage effect.—How much of what is here said might there not be illustrated from the annals of the French Revolution!

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Oldschool,

I am a little struck with the literary talents displayed by our government, in the official translation of ACHMET BASHAW's letter to the President. 'Excellence'!—How poetical! It is not Your Excellence, nor Your Excellency, but simply 'Excellence' itself. There may be ears to which this word sounds more modestly than 'May it please your Excellency;' but mine are not of the right length.

'For nearly eleven years, I have been la-
'bouring under the weight of misfortune;
'*but, notwithstanding which*, my distress was
'never equal to that which the *actual* com-
'bination of circumstances has made it.' I

presume that the BASHAW's letter was written in Arabic; but, however that may be, the present translation is from the French. 'Actual combination' means *real* combination; but *la combinaison actuelle* signifies 'the present combination;' and this is what is here intended. In a word, the idiom of this piece is French, throughout. Of the facts stated by the Bashaw, I do not offer any opinion; but I select the following passage, as much on account of the narrative, as of the Gallicisms, and bad English, which occur perhaps still more frequently in others:

'I engaged to go with him to Syracuse, 'and also to keep myself *secret*, from which 'circumstance, I was necessarily compelled 'to abandon all I possessed, and thus lose my 'horses, camels, &c. *Previous* to my leaving 'Damintur,* General Eaton told me *the* 'peace would never be made, unless I was 'placed in my own seat (throne) and often 'swore by himself, *that he would never take* 'me from where I was for the sole purpose of 'making the *conquest*. I did not however fail 'to *suggest* to the General, *that in case* Jussuf 'Bashaw should *actually* remain conqueror, 'what part he would take in my favor, as I 'would not be able to remain *any longer* in 'the Turkish dominions. I was *answered, if* 'the combinations of war should prove favor'able to Jussuf Bashaw, *that* a pension would 'be granted me, sufficient to maintain my 'family and suite; the people and money de'manded by me to effect this object (*for such* 'a movement) were ready.'

QUIDNUNC.

P. S. What is the recommendation of the new diplomatic phraseology, in which a minister *accredited to* a government, or sent to reside *at the court of* a sovereign prince, is said to be minister *near* the one, or the other? This barbarous translation of *auprès*, is one of the most offensive that can meet an English ear: 'The president of the United 'States has been pleased, on the 16th of this 'present month of January, to grant his Exe'quatur, as Consul General of his Imperial 'and Royal Majesty, the Emperor of the 'French, and King of Italy, near the United 'States of America, to Monsieur Felix de 'Beaujour, &c.'

Mr. Oldschool.

I observe, in one of the volumes of what I find we are now to call your *old series*, the criticism of POLYRAMUS, 'on the uncouth names often used by writers, to exemplify characters,' and the complaint of 'AN ENGLISH READER,' on the same subject. I shall not set about a defence of the 'odd names which Dr. Watts has' employed; but I think a few words may be said in behalf of Latin and Greek cognomens in general; and I am confident that you will hear me impartially, though OLIVER OLDSCHOOL is himself an example which my adversaries cite with pride.

Sir, if they confined themselves to Praise-God Barebones, Make-peace Heaton, Kill-sin Pimple, and Fly-debate Roberts, which the 'English Reader' compares to Philopolis, Euister, Hylobares, and Cuphophron, I should be in no fear of winning my cause; for every jury would see, in such examples, the difficulty of composing significant English names, such as shall not appear vulgar, nor ridiculous.

English names must be of one of these three kinds: they must be either ordinary names, or names which have been ennobled or rendered remarkable by the character or adventures of those who have borne them; or names compounded in the manner of those I have just cited.

As to the first, the familiarity, and the absence of any extrinsic dignity, seldom fail to render them unfit for the purposes of a dialogue or essay-writer. In most cases, they will be found to have one, or both, of these two inconveniences; that of taking from the dignity of precept, or the brilliance of wit, by the association of mean, or disagreeable, ideas; and that of giving an ill-timed appearance of truth to that which should be entertained as fiction. Let it be supposed that I were to close this letter with the name of JOHN SMITH. Do you think, sir, that this signature would throw upon the Port Folio the smallest ray of that lustre which will be shed, time immemorial, by that which catches your eye at the bottom of my paper? Perhaps, sir, JOHN SMITH is a name altogether indifferent to you, and all your readers; and, even in this case, I dare flatter myself that you will not be equally indifferent to mine; but if it should so happen, that you, or any one of you, know, or have known, a JOHN SMITH, whom you do not entirely reverence, as it may be you ought to do, why then what an unfortunate dog I should be! Neither syllogism, nor trope, nor nice allusion, nor 'infinite jest,' would find its way to your brain, unaccompanied by the image of that cursed JOHN SMITH. Say what I might, I should have you exclaim, with the parliament general, 'Sir Harry Vane? Sir Harry Vane? The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!'

Then, sir, with respect to names which history has lifted from the crowd, it appears to me, that, whenever they are fictitiously employed, truth is violated. The 'English Reader' proposes such as Clarendon, Temple, and Raleigh. For my own part, I could never consent to take liberties of this kind with the ashes of the dead. For, could I use these names without calling up to the reader's imagination the men from whom alone they derive their importance? and ought I to use them, without the most scrupulous regard to historical truth? a regard, in short, so scrupulous, as must, with very

* Daminhur.

few exceptions, always forbid my freedoms. So that, a contrary practice would be to slight, not to follow, the maxim of Horace:

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.

There remains the consideration of *significant* names. With regard to these, I have to observe, that there are occasions on which they ought to be English, others on which they ought not, and others, again, on which it is a matter of indifference. The names of which I am speaking are sometimes, more or less, the salt of the whole composition. When this fulness of meaning is directed to the general ear, or adapted, or adaptable, to the general taste, they ought to be English. But this is far from being always the case. The meaning is often of a nature not to be relished but by those who are in some degree acquainted with the learned languages; it may derive all its merit from an allusion which can exist only in the language in which it is given; or, lastly, the signification may be of no manner of importance to any reader whatever, and the whole object of the writer may be, as some name is necessary, to use one that it is at least respectable; and by respectable, I mean, such as raises no idea unfavorable to his design. In these cases, I would not have 'English Readers' 'puzzle' themselves, or 'be mortified.' It can do them no injury, that beside the instruction or entertainment which are within their reach, there is an additional, though unessential witticism, or beauty, for those 'who understand it.' If an essay on piety conclude with the signature *Philotheus*, or a description of the pleasures of the town with that of *Philopolis*, the 'English Reader' loses but little by his ignorance that the one signifies a lover of the city, and the other, a lover of his Maker; and the same observation may be applied to the names used in dialogues. On the other hand, how poor and trite would these denominations appear in English! for, by an arrangement of this kind, the most brilliant production might be lowered, in its most vulnerable point (its conclusion) by the stalest common-place. By a contrary practice, this danger is avoided; for the 'English Reader' is suffered to shut the book with the idea conveyed by the last sentence, unbroken in his mind; and the more informed scarcely feel, arrayed in so venerable a garb, that triviality which in a modern language might appear meanness, but, in an ancient one, is dignified simplicity:

Est modus in rebus.

So much for ordinary names; for the Philanders and the Palemons of our moralisers and miscellanists; nor can I think that any of your 'English Readers' will be the less happy, or the less edified by my most edifying letter, if even they should never be able to comprehend any more of my own name than its pretty appearance and harmonious sound; nor, in the course of their whole lives, discover all the mysteries it contains and conceals, nor the art of setting it in cabalistic order:

So, Herrenhausen, once the boast of fame,
Now boasts of nought but its harmonious name.

ABRACADABRA.

For the Port Folio.

LEVITY.

[The following letter may probably appear to the European reader in the light of a mere *badinage*. But though the fact has been stoutly contradicted by the incredulity of England, and even by the gallantry of France, it is indisputable that the custom described by our correspondent is familiar to the *rustic* lovers, in the Northern and Middle States. It appears to be a relique of pastoral, patriarchal, and primæval manners; and may be considered, by the unsophisticated and the liberal, and would be probably defended by the Whig friends of our admirable system, as a new proof of the artless simplicity, the candid faith, and unsuspecting innocence, of the republican character. The puritans of the North will quote the story of Boaz and Ruth; and the Hotspurs of the south will deem it a *sinning in love*, not more atrocious than the pursuit of the *dusky* Venus, and the *dingy* Desdemona.]

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

That the eastern people are *bundlers*, (I do not say *bunglers*) to a proverb, is notorious; but it is not so generally known that the lads on Long Island court their mistresses always at night. A rustic Cymon there, who has exchanged a few eye-shot in the day with his beloved Iphigenia, waits upon her in the evening; and if he be equal in pretensions to the damsel of his preference, her parents and sisters withdraw, at the usual hour, to bed, and leave the anxious pair to solitude and love. Lust and light, says Shakespear, are deadly enemies; but no sooner are the lights of the house extinguished, and when the rattling of the village cart is heard no more, then toying and dalliance ensue. A young girl has often betrayed herself and lover to the lodgers in the room above, by her involuntary sighs. In the stillness of the night, these profound suspirations from the female bosom are more audible; and, if to these heart-fetched confes-

sions there be superadded the noise of the clodhopper's shoes, it does not require a team of horses to draw the inference. In the meantime, mamma in the next room (bona fide in the next room) may cough, but that is all. Mamma is hectic, but she hears with indifference what has happened to herself.

But the cream of the joke is this: Sally, or Betsey, or Jenny, or Sukey, shall look so innocent the next morning at breakfast, that you would swear (were you a stranger to her backslidings) that she was as pure as the unsunned snow. Hence I am more than ever inclined to admit the position of a French writer.

Oncque ne vis de pucelage.
Voyant pudeur sur le visage,
Modestie en l'habillement,
Un jeune époux feroit serment
De trouver l'oiseau dans le cage.
Bientôt il change de langage:
Car, ayant cherché vainement,
Il dit, en perdant le courage,
Sans oser le dire hautement,
Oncque ne vis de pucelage!

I am, Sir, &c.

VIATOR.

Be my plan,
To live as merry as I can,
Regardless as the fashions go,
Whether there's reason for 't or no.
Be my employment here on earth,
To give a liberal scope to mirth;
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.

CHURCHILL.

ANTICIPATION.

Extract of a letter from the London Courier, dated Monday, the 26th of Sept. 1904.

FROM THE CALCUTTA CHRONICLE.

Yesterday the *Quaddy sloop, Capt. Bagshot*, arrived in the river, and brought the following intelligence from the *rebel* colonies.

Botany Bay, Sept. 3. The states of this province, finding that the Commissioners sent to England have not been successful, have resolved to arm the militia, and put the fort and castle into a proper state of defence. The equestrian statue of George IV, which was erected some years since in the middle of the grand square, has been pulled down, and the metal melted into implements of war: such is the spirit that prevails in these much-injured colonies.

By a ship just arrived at *Garrow Bay*, we are informed that the English ministry have determined to send out a fleet to block up our ports; but we hope this is merely a report. The cattle near the sea-side have been removed to *Old Bailey Plains*, several miles up the country.

New St. Giles's, September 27. The *hemp-trade* here will be very much injured by the prohibitory act lately passed by the British Parliament. The exports to England have indeed been decreasing much of late. There is but one mind and one voice in this province respecting the unhappy disturbances occasioned by the tyrannical acts passed in England, to the injury of our natural rights, our constitution and liberties. The *Cut-throat Rangers* have been embodied, and the command given to *Major-General Ropes-end*, an officer of acknowledged bravery.

We hear from *Woolwich* county, that the attempt to introduce *episcopacy* there has been resented with a becoming spirit. The people there are against all innovations in religion, and are, to a man, tenacious of their religious privileges. *Sir John Ketch* is appointed chairman at the next general congress.

There has been very little business done at the *Bridewell Bank* for some time. Our funds are at present very low. The three per cents were done last week as low as thirty, owing to the general *alarm* of an invasion by the English. The treacherous and perfidious nation may, perhaps, find us better prepared than they expect.

Several promotions have been made in our army. *General Squad* has taken the command of the *Field-lane* light troops. Captain Macheath has been promoted to *Captain, vice Major Macheath.*

Dyot Street County, Sept. 28. Notwithstanding the alarming state of affairs, and an immediate expectation of hostilities, our theatre succeeds amazingly. Last night the *Beggar's Opera* was performed by our company, and was received throughout with unbounded and universal applause. No acting could be more natural, and the songs were *executed* in a *style* of excellence seldom found on other theatres. The church of *St. Pillory* was opened last Sunday, and a most excellent sermon preached by *Dr. Atkinson*. The text was, "*Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.*"

For the Port Folio.

NEW MUSIC.

"Send the bowl round merrily," a New Ballad, sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the Camp, and written by THOMAS MOORE, Esq. is characterized by a British reviewer of correct and delicate taste; as displaying a gaiety of spirit and fancy, that rivals the pathos and elegance of the more serious productions of the translator of Anacreon.

EDUCATION.

Mr. Oldschool,

I was invited on Monday last to witness the progress in the French language of the young ladies of Madame Grelaud's boarding-school; and I must confess that I never received more satisfaction than on this occasion. The professor, it appears, has adopted the method recommended by the author of *Nature Displayed*, and from his declaration, and that of Madame Grelaud, some of the young ladies have, in six months, acquired great facility in speaking, and reading the most difficult French books. The young ladies recited whole scenes of plays with much animation. Miss Hoffman, Miss Shoemaker, Miss Livingston, Miss Philips, and some others, whose names I could not learn, played *La Marchande de Modes* of Madame Genlis very correctly, and I distinguished Miss Knox, Miss O'Brien, Miss Nicklin, Miss Craig, Miss Oliver, Miss Le Raye, Miss Dubarry, Miss Obrien, Miss Kemps, Miss Fontange, Miss Monges, Miss Livingston, junior, Miss Circée, Miss Duval, Miss A. Hoffman, and Miss Prima, by their great proficiency in grammar as well as pronunciation. The indefatigable exertions of the teacher, Mr. Thuron, to advance his pupils, merits our warmest commendation. Madame Grelaud cannot fail to have a flourishing school whilst she continues to give such undeniable proofs of attention to the young ladies who have the happiness to be under her care.

I cannot close this article, sir, without mentioning the extraordinary talents of an almost infant son of Madame Grelaud, who recited a scene of *Alzire* with more judgment than many *grown gentlemen* would have done, whose profession it is to 'hold the mirror up to nature.'

Yours, T.

For the Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

When benevolence finds its way into the green-room, we hail it with particular love and reverence. The managers of our theatre, on Friday evening of last week, gave the profits of one night's performance to the orphan children of our once favorite Hodgkinson. 'Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.... Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?'

The pieces chosen for the occasion were, 'The Voice of Nature,' and 'The Children in the Wood,' which were performed much to our satisfaction.

The address of the children spread a temporary gloom on the scene, which however soon disappeared before their sprightliness and ease in the after-piece. The house was nearly a *bumper;* and may a bumper of happiness attend the helpless young ones in their progress o'er the stage of life! Let them not despair. The world is wide; and though it is

. . . . . a stormy sea,
Whose ev'ry breath is strew'd with wrecks of wretches,
That daily perish in it,

yet, it offers to the virtuous a thousand consolations—the wages of a spotless life.

On Saturday evening Mr. Cain again attempted 'Douglas,' again to sink beneath the weight of his burthen. Once for all we would advise Mr. Cain not to goad the tragic muse to a fit of desperation; the 'poisoned chalice' may be thrown in his teeth. Let him woo his mistress, and 'sigh like furnace' in modern comedy, but, out of respect to the manes of our departed poets, let him not mangle the living testimonies of their claim to our remembrance.

Mr. Fennell's *Glenalvon* approached very near to the excellence of Cooke.

Mrs. Melmoth, with a few faults in pronunciation, was superior to any *Lady Randolph* in this country.

On Monday evening OTHELLO attracted a full house. The high opinion entertained of Mr. Fennell in the Moor caused a press among his friends. We never more fully experienced the inconvenience pointed out by Cowper, in his *Winter Evening:*

'Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd
'And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
'Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage.'

We do not, however, mean to insinuate that Mr. Fennell is a *ranting* actor. On the contrary, we imagine that he would be better received if he displayed a little more fire. In endeavouring to avoid tearing 'a passion to rags' he falls into the opposite extreme, and loses sight of 'be not too tame neither.' It is our decided opinion, that if Mr. Fennell were less of a scholar, he would be a greater actor. With a fund of information which rarely falls to the share of a performer, he frequently strikes out of the beaten path, the turnpike-road of the stage, to pursue butterflies in mazes of briers, whence he cannot be extricated without scratches, or more serious inconveniences. If he were to reform the old abuses of the stage, without snatching at every monosyllable for a *new* reading; if, instead of leaving out the words of the author, and substituting the illegitimate offspring of some wandering brain; if he would attend to the *unities* of the Drama, and convince the managers of the necessity of a close attention to them, he would atchieve a more glorious work than altering the meaning of any particular sentence by a change of emphasis, in which the

majority of his impartial audience would disagree with him. We do not doubt that Mr. Fennell would have shone more at the bar, or in the pulpit, than on the stage.

In saying thus much, however, we do not mean to infer that Mr. Fennell is not a very superior performer. His acting, in many scenes of 'Othello' was worthy of the warmest panegyric. In addressing *Iago* and *Desdemona*, in the first act, the gentleman and the lover sparkled through his speech:

My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pry'thee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

And in the second act, when his passion is roused by the quarrel, we must have been very insensible not to feel, in the fullest extent,

Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke.

We might enumerate a thousand other instances where we thought Mr. Fennell excellent; and we saw many faults which we are not inclined to point out. There is one, notwithstanding, which demands animadversion, and which we cannot, in justice, pass over. In the address to the *Duke*, Mr. Fennell substituted other lines for the following, which are in every one's recollection:

Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch'd heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the cannibals which each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Did grow beneath their shoulders.

We have no objection to improvement, even upon SHAKESPEAR; but is this alteration really an improvement? Are "mutiny," and "unpaid soldier," images which strike the mind so forcibly as those presented in the original, or so well calculated for fixing the attention of a lady?

Mrs. Wignell and Mrs. Melmoth, in *Desdemona* and *Æmilia*, displayed their usual attractions.

Mr. Wood's *Iago* never pleased us. He is not villanous enough. But Mr. Wood, in genteel comedy, makes amends for his deficiency in characters of *Iago's* cast.

From the "Shipwreck" we expected that, at least, a broken mast or spar would have rewarded us for attending at its representation. The managers, probably, think that the little bundle-breeched figure of Miss Hunt will compensate for the constant insults offered to the public by the omission of nearly half of the songs, and thrusting performers into parts who would not be suffered even to mount the stage of a charlatan. Mr. Harwood, an actor of uncommon merit, is almost excluded from the boards, because the other gentlemen will not *give up* their parts to him. What is the duty of a manager, if every actor, like Bottom in "Midsummer Night's Dream," is to chuse his own part, in defiance of justice and common sense? Mr. Harwood's not appearing oftener is, no doubt, occasioned by the *prior* claims of others; and the city must therefore be deprived of this gentleman's talents till these claims shall cease!

For the Port Folio.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me,
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

An elegant critic introduces somewhere, the ensuing remarks upon the freedom of the epistolary style.

A good understanding improved by reading the best writers, by accurate observation of men and manners, and, above all, by use and practice, will be sufficient to form an accomplished letter-writer, without restraining the vigour of his genius and the flights of his fancy with a rigid observance of the line and rule. The best letters, and, indeed, the best compositions of any kind, were produced before the boasted rules to teach how to write them were written or invented. The rules prescribed by critics are so minute and particular, as to remind one of the *recipes* in Hannah Glasse's Cookery. They pretend to teach how to express thoughts on paper with a mechanical process, similar to that in which the culinary authoress instructs her disciples in the composition of a minced pye.

The titles of the late lord Nelson were Viscount Nelson and Duke of Bronti. The United Parliament voted him a pension of 3000*l.* per ann. for his own life, and that of his two next heirs. The East India Company presented him with 10,000*l.* The Grand

Signior gave him, as a mark of obligation and esteem, a diamond aigrette and a pelisse, value 4000*l.* From the emperor of Russia he received a diamond box worth 2500*l.* From the king of Naples he received presents to the value of 5000*l.* with the dukedom of Bronti, and an estate of the value of 3000*l.* per annum. In a word, almost every sovereign of Europe, city of note, or commercial company of credit, requested him to accept something as a mark of their esteem. The victories which lord Nelson achieved were considered as benefits, not conferred upon his own country solely, but upon the whole society of Europe.

Lord Nelson was engaged in upwards of one hundred and twenty-four actions with the enemy. He lost one eye at Calvi, and one arm at Teneriffe; and on all occasions proved that he thought his body as well as his mind, were the property of his country. His humanity was always as conspicuous as his courage and judgment.

The fall of this intrepid Sailor will draw forth many literary tributes to his memory. The earliest we have met with is contained in the *Carriers' Verses* of Mr. Relf's *Philadelphia Gazette*, which for that reason we take the more pleasure in preserving:

O yes! O yes! O yes! on you, good friends,
Again your Newsman's faithful voice attends,
And begs his wishes with a smile you 'll hear:—
"A merry Christmas, and a happy year!"

"Dull times" indeed, and little to engage,
These twelvemonths past have stamp'd the empty page;
Save where, sad task! dread Fever's steps we trac'd,
And sigh'd to tell how wide the mortal waste;
Still mourning life's contracted span,
In many a friend, and many a friend of man!
And save, where to the patriot's ear we gave
What wrongs his country suffer'd on the wave;
And save where, too, to int'rest ev'ry Miss,
Long lists of weddings ran, and whisper'd nuptial bliss!
Ah! happy years long crown the weddings past,
And this year's brides out-number all the past!

This year! O politicians, in this year
What tales of wonder will there not appear!
No yawning Quidnunc shall condemn the *news*,
But, ev'ry day, bright deeds of war peruse:
Bright deeds of war? or shall the battle cease,
And shall the world again return to peace?
Must the fierce fight for Europe's freedom last,
And ev'ry wind convey the trumpet's blast?
Columbia's rights, must they the war demand,
And the sword wake t' avenge th' insulted land?
Must other warriors, at their country's call,
Like *Eaton* conquer, or like NELSON fall?

NELSON! shall NELSON fall unhonor'd here?
Shall we unmov'd behold the brave man's bier?
Shall we esteem unworthy our applause
The foreign hero of a foreign cause?
O Valor! dear, to ev'ry bosom dear,
Departed valor! take the "*human* tear!"
"Call no man" (thus the sage his counsel gives)
"Call no man fortunate while yet he lives!"
How happy, NELSON, fled thy gen'rous breath,
A victor living,—victor still in death!

Kind friends, whatever, in our motley tale,
We, life's "brief chroniclers," perforce retail,
May all our hist'ry, where it touches you,
Tell only good, and all the good be true!
And, past this journey of the circling sun,
When we, as now, with warmest wishes run,
May you again with smiles indulgent hear,
"A merry Christmas, and a happy year!"

Addison very feelingly describes the influence of fine weather upon his mind.

Fair weather is the joy of my soul; about noon, I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a crowd at his levee. I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moonlight, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure round.

An Irish dentist being lately in a room with a gentleman who had lost several of his front teeth, observed to him—'I think Sir, you stand in need of my assistance, for I see you want a few *chairs* in your *dining-room*.'

[*Lon. paper.*

John Leoch, the correspondent of Drummond, the Scottish poet, published his '*Musæ Priores*,' at London, in 1620, on his return from his travels. He was the son of a clergyman, studied philosophy at Aberdeen, and when at Poictiers, applied to civil law. After his return to Britain he lived in habits of familiarity with all the Scottish wits of the age. He dedicated his amatory poems to William, Earl of Pembroke, nephew of Sir Philip Sidney. His Museæ Priores, the verses of which sometimes possess considerable elegance and fluency of style, consist of his *Eroticon*, or love verses, written in imitation of the ancient models; his *Idyllia*, and his *Epigrammata*. He defends the freedom of some of his love verses by the old apology of Catullus, that his life was chaste, though his verse was wanton; or, as Goldsmith expresses it—'His conduct still right, and his argument wrong. In the preface to his *Idyllia*, he claims some degree of merit for the variety, as well as for the originality of this style. 'Quotus enim quisque est, qui tam varia in hoc genere aggressus? namque, ut Bucolica excipias in quibus non pauci; quis, oro, præter Sanazarium. *Piscatorias* Eclogas; quis præter Hugonem Grotium *Nauticas* tentavit, et illius, quod dolori maximo esse possit equid præter unicum *Nauticum* exstat Idyllium? In *Ampelicis* nullus, quod sciam. Hactenus primos ego illas aggressus nondum tamen ingressus. The *Ampelic* eclogue, or song of the vintagers was probably attempted in imitation of the Italians. A long poem in this style was composed by Tansillo, and denominated *Il Vendemiatore*.

THE DREAM.

From the Latin of J. Leoch.

Lov'd of the Muse, to Venus dear,
My Drummond! lend thy partial ear;
Thou, gifted bard, canst best explain
The dreams, which haunt a poet's brain,

Ere night's bright wain her course had run.
Venus to me, and Venus' son,
Descending in a radiant car,
Rapt from earth and bore me far;
Sparrows, billing, twitt'ring clear,
Drew us on our swift career;
The lovely goddess all the while,
Glow'd with pleasure's wanton smile;
O'er her hover'd all the Graces,
Sighs and kisses and embraces:
Around her son, in vesture bright,
Hopes and murmurs flutter'd light;
With every form of melting bliss,
That breathes or sucks the humid kiss.

Swimming on the moon-beams pale,
Soon we reach'd sweet Tempe's vale;
Zephyrs fluttering o'er the strand
Bade every glowing flower expand,
While the nightingale, on high,
Pour'd her liquid melody

O'er the level lawn we flew;
The grove's deep shadow round us grew,
Deep, within a soft retreat,
Flow'd a spring with murmur sweet.
'There be all thine offerings done'
Softly whisper'd Venus' son:
'Then let clouds of incense rise,'—
Venus whisper'd 'to the skies.'

From the chariot light I sprung
Shrill the golden axle rung,
Kneeling by the chrystal spring,
Every Naiad's charms I sing;
Echo wafts their praises wide,
But chief the Naiads of the tide.

Goddess of the stream attend,
O'er thy wave I suppliant bend;
Grant thy spring may ever be,
Dear to Venus, and to me.

As I bend the waves to kiss,
Murmurs rise of softer bliss;
For the fountain's liquid face,
I feel the timid nymph's embrace;
Glow and pant my labouring veins,
As her ivory arms she strains;
While the melting kiss she sips
The soul sits quivering on my lips.

Sudden, from our watery bed,
Venus slily smiling fled;
With her sought the shady grove,
The smiling dimpling god of love:
Loud, through all its dusky bounds,
'Hylas! a second Hylas' sounds;
While the vision fled in air,
And left the bard to lone despair.

By every smiling god above,
By the maid you dearest love:
Drummond! to all the muses dear,
Lend to thy friend thy partial ear;
Thou, gifted bard, canst best explain,
Each dream, that haunts the poet's brain.

D.

The Russians are in full march against the French, under a commander of redoubtable name, general *Cutt-us of.* It is to be hoped this worthy gentleman will soon have a *slice* at Bonaparte. *Lon. paft.*

Wallis, the grammarian, has thus rung the changes upon the copiousness of an English word.

When a *twister* a twisting will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist he three twines doth intwist;
But, if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.
Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twitcheth the twine he had twined in twain.
The twain that in twining before in the twine,
As twins were intwisted, he now doth untwine,
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his *twister*, makes a twist of the twine.

Edmund Smith introduces, in his famous Tragedy, the ensuing simile.

So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms;
His idle horn, on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows scatter'd and his bow unstrung;
Obscure in coverts lie his dreaming hounds
And bay the fancied boar with feeble sounds:
For nobler sports he quits the savage fields
And all the hero to the lover yields.

Imitation of Horace. Ode 3, B. II.

Where the sweet myrtle yields its shade,
And twines luxuriant round our head,
O come, with willing arms, outspread,
To bless with smiles thy happy boy;
And bring with thee the sparkling wine,
And press thy rosy lips to mine
Till, tasting raptures half divine,
We give a loose to love and joy.
Whether thy hours in joy are spent
Or whether to the bilboes sent,
So poor thou could'st not pay thy rent;
My Delia still remember.
One day, it will not signify,
Whether 'twas thine to flaunt it high,
Or stinking sprats all day to cry,
Through drizzling December.
Thy house, the scene of many a fête,
So gay, commodious, and so neat,
And carriage eke, and country seat,
And lacquies that attend ye:
All all, dear girl, will nought avail,
When beauty's dazzling charms shall fail,
And death, who ne'er accepts of bail,
To Pluto's care shall send ye.
Then since it is of all the lot,
One day in Charon's greasy boat,
Without even a king Charles's groat,
Or sixpence to make merry,
To be like smuggled gin, convey'd,
By those who love the murky shade,
And drive their interdicted trade
Across some vile Scotch ferry.
Let us, dear girl, devote the hour
To mirth and joy's enliv'ning power,
In festive love's delicious bower,
And bind their trophies round our head:
And while the fates life's thread shall twine
Thus let us drain the sparkling wine
And glue thy rosy lips to mine,
Till love and mirth and joy lie dead.

It has been hinted by many and believed by more, that Sir William Howe and Sir Henry Clinton, with many other redoubtable Generals, urged to America by the evil genius of Lord North's ministry, did not very strenuously contend with their American brethren.—Content with the golden harvest of pay and promotion, they left the laurel of victory to be plucked by other hands, and sinking in the arms of sleep or the lap of harlotry, were willing to be safe and inglorious, though a dismembered empire should attest their lassitude, timidity or treason. The narcotic influence of something upon the mind of these supine warriors and their yawning troops, during their harmless campaigns in this country, is indignantly alluded to by COWPER.

But, oh, th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have *our troops awak'd?*
Or do they still, as if *with opium drugg'd,*
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?

The poet, after describing the arrival of the post, and the eagerness with which the newspaper is opened by a rural reader, asks a well-timed question, which I should be glad to hear satisfactorily answered, by the admirers or the defenders of Sir William Howe and his associates. Did not he and his troops *snore* amid the fogs of Germantown? and did not he slumber and sleep in three of our cities, when his king and his common country expected that he would be broad awake to his military duties?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following verses of Mr. Fessenden, which have not yet appeared in print, are worthy of a place in your paper. When I last visited Passaic falls, the celebrated author of "Terrible Tractoration" had been there a few days before me, and left in the Album, kept at Major Goodwin's, the following verses:

Henceforth may the Muses,
Sans any excuses,
Enliven the landscapes surrounding;
May the strains of Apollo
Be heard in each hollow,
And Dryads each thicket be found in.

The beautiful scenery,
And cotton machinery,
And delicate paper-mill lasses,
With the fine cataract,
Make it matter of fact,
That Patterson rivals Parnassus.

If these please you, I hope the following won't displease you, from your humble servant. F.

O mother, mother! Cupid cry'd,
When first my downy beard he spy'd,
Behold that youth, how fair and young!
My bow must not remain unstrung;
I long to pierce his tender heart,
And see him writhe in pleasing smart,
For hence, perhaps, he may despise
My arrows, and your lovely eyes.

Haste, my urchin, do your duty,
Your arrow dipt in blood of beauty,
Send it with unerring aim,
And gently raise the latent flame.

He bent his bow, and twang'd the string,
The arrow miss'd; I heard it sing;
I turn'd, and saw him blush for shame,
Because, in haste, he miss'd his aim.
I laugh'd to scorn the urchin child;
His mother wip'd the blush and smil'd,
And while I laugh'd, a well aim'd dart
Pierc'd, twisting, thro' my very heart.

STANZAS TO IRIS.

From the French.

Fair Iris, if, of Time the rage,
Upon my changing form you see,
Remember, Nymph, that at my age,
But little better you will be.

The hand of Time, as on he goes,
E'en in the fairest forms we trace;
With the same ease he'll blight your rose,
As he has furrow'd o'er my face.

And Time, that saw my days begin,
Has also fix'd your destiny;
What you are now, I too have been,
And you, as I am now, will be.

SONG.

When the warrior returns from the battle afar,
To the home and the country he nobly defended,
O warm be the welcome to gladden his ear,
And loud be the joy that his perils are ended!
In the full tide of song, let his fame roll along,
To the feast-flowing board let us gratefully throng,
Where mixt with the olive the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

Columbians! a band of thy brothers behold!
Who claim their reward in thy heart's warm emotion,
When thy cause, when thy honor, urg'd onward the bold,
In vain frown'd the desert—in vain rag'd the ocean.
To a far distant shore—to the battle's wild roar,
They rush'd, thy fair fame and thy right's to secure;
Then mixt with the olive the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

Our fathers, who stand on the summit of fame,
Shall exultingly hear, of their sons, the proud story,
How their young bosoms glow'd with the patriot flame,
How they fought, how they fell, in the blaze of their glory.
How triumphant they rode o'er the wondering flood,
And stain'd the blue waters with infidel blood;
How mixt with the olive the laurel did wave,
And form'd a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

In the conflict resistless, each toil they endur'd,
Till their foes shrunk dismay'd from the war's desolation,
And *pale beam'd* the Crescent, its splendor obscur'd
By the light of the star-spangled flag of our nation.
Where, each radiant star gleamed a meteor of war,
And the turban'd heads bow'd to the terrible glare;
Then mixt with the olive the laurel did wave,
And form'd a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

Then welcome the warrior, return'd from afar,
To the home, and the country, he nobly defended;
Let the thanks due to valour, now gladden his ear,
And loud be the joy that his perils are ended.
In the full tide of song, let his fame roll along,
To the feast-flowing board let us gratefully throng;
Where, mixt with the olive, the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

THE WISH.

Imitated from the Latin of W. Cowper, Esq.

O matutini rores auræque salubres,
O nemora, &c.

How bright the scene, by Nature's hand display'd,
Where hills and groves in wild assemblage rise;
What time the morn, in roseate vest array'd,
With orient lustre fills the kindling skies.
Dear scenes! may Fate, within your lov'd domains,
Revive the bliss I fondly prov'd of yore,
In you, the charms that grac'd my natal plains,
When first their beauties warm'd this heart, restore.
Here, shrin'd in shade, as length'ning life decays,
May guardian Friendship crown the sylvan cell,
On my lone grave an artless tribute raise,
And on these ashes breathe a last farewell.

LINES FROM SEGRAIS.

O les discours charmans, ô les divines choses,
Qu'un jour disait Amire, en la saison des roses!
Doux zéphirs qui régniez alors dans ce beaux lieux,
N'en portâtes-vous rien à l'oreille des Dieux?

IMITATION.

When so sweetly Thyrsis sings,
As love's season soft appears,
Waft you, zephyrs, on your wings,
Nothing to Immortal ears?

STANCES, PAR RACAN.

Plaisant séjour des ames affligées,
Vieilles forêts, de trois siècles âgées,
Qui recelez la nuit, le silence et l'effroi,
Depuis qu'en ces déserts, les amoureux, sans craintes,
Viennent faire leurs plaintes,
En a-t-on vu quelqu'un plus malheureux que moi?

Soit que le jour, dissipant les étoiles,
Force la nuit à retirer ses voiles,
Et peigne l'Orient de diverses couleurs,
Ou que l'ombre du soir, du faite des montagnes,
Tombe dans les campagnes,
L'on ne me voit jamais que plaindre ma douleur.

Ainsi Daphnis, rempli d'inquiétude,
Contait sa peine en cette solitude,
Glorieux d'être esclave en de si beaux liens;
Les nymphes des forêts plaignirent son martyre,
Et l'amoureux Zéphire
Arrêta ses soupirs, pour entendre les siens.

EPIGRAMS.

Sylvia her gambling nephew chides,
With many a sharp and pithy sentence;
The graceless youth her care derides,
Yet seems to promise her repentance.
"When you," dear aunt, "relinquish man,
Expect me to abandon gaming;"
The conscious matron shakes her fan,
"Go, rogue, I find you're past reclaiming."

"To think of death," said Madame Clare,
"Is doing well."—Last night, the fair,
Thinking of death, in earnest died,
"*Well done*, my dear," her husband cried.

From the Theatrical Censor.

Ah! JEFFERSON, why so much wit would you make
To consist, my dear lad, in a wriggle and shake?
Away with the trick, and your vein, never doubt it,
Will flow through the scene just as comic without it;
But if, fond of shaking, at precepts you scoff,
Shake a good shake, at once, man! and shake the thing off.

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